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COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1899.

The Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

My Dear Sir.—You certainly deserve great praise and commendation for the excellence of your first number. *The Art Collector* arrived here first on Monday morning, and I had almost read it through before THE COLLECTOR came. The editor of *The Art Collector* seems to give some rather flimsy excuses for what seem to me to be practices in picture-selling whose propriety and honesty are at least questionable. From what I understand of the situation it appears that the last paragraph on page 178, relative to the purchase of pictures, is nothing more nor less than an obvious attempt at booming his own wares.

I notice that many of his criticisms are unnecessarily harsh, and so clearly unjust as to savor very much of spite. You have well depicted the man's character, and really do the art world a service in exposing his practices. While of course a critic should be impartial, unbiased, and above all should avoid toadying, he must avoid also vituperation and abuse, the so-called "ripping up the back." The article on the "Harris-Holbrook-Blakeslee Picture Combination" reminds one of the old paradoxical proverb of "Satan reproving sin."

As soon as your journal arrived I naturally read it with particular interest. I had not gone very far when my mental comment was: "THE COLLECTOR wins." Good luck to you! You are surely on the right track. There is no question at all about superiority, and I don't see how you can help having the sympathy and good wishes of all who know the facts.

Sincerely yours,

K.

Under the circumstances, I may be excused for publishing this cordial and flattering epistle. As I cannot begin to publish *all* the letters of this character received, this one will suffice.

* * *

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

Sir.—We want to know the men coming on, the latest trend of art thought and art execution. We readers want to be instructed by men like yourself as to what is the true type of art evolving out of the mass of rubbish that is painted at the present day. It is no benefit to have all the art journals in the country going over the same platitudes about Corot, Millais, Jacob Maris, and others. It is most useful to know what Tom Jones, John Smith, and Harry Brown are doing, and which of these show genius in their work.

Knowledge of the personality and surroundings of the artist is valuable. Why buy a picture by a man whose day is spent, whose day if young is wrecked by one or more of many causes, whose promise of genius realizes only the early forced fruit of a tree whose trunk is blighted, when you can buy the fruit of vigor, genius, hope, ambition? Has the young man that in him which will mature normally, and are his personal surroundings such as indicate progression? If so, buy. The ripeness of genius is only for the wealthy. The green, half-formed plums are for the many. Hence the value of knowing your tree—where planted and how growing.

Give us the names of the younger coming men.

Yours very truly,

E. F. B. J.

TORONTO, ONTARIO, April 18, 1899.

This is a large contract. Nor do I think it possible, with justice to all, to execute it. Now and then I have called attention to just such men, in whom I have seen the hope of promise. For instance, I have mentioned the work of Granville W. Smith, of George Elmer Browne, of Irving E. Couse, of Frederick B. Williams. But there are others, and in future numbers, when occasion offers, I shall call attention to the work both of native and foreign artists, unknown, but in my opinion deserving of recognition.

I would greatly appreciate to have my attention called by those competent to judge to the work of men outside of New York city, for my own investigations.

The artist (entertaining some ladies and pouring tea)—"Say when."—*Fudge.*

* * *

Dryson—And you say that long-haired fellow there is a promising young artist?

Hessman—Yes; I've been told that in his brush his touch is extraordinary.

Dryson—Well, I'm inclined to think it's correct. He touched me or \$5 about a year ago.

STUDIO TALK

AND

GALLERY VISITS.

A MARINE painter's studio! The salt sea breezes come wafted from the canvas on the easels and against the wall. Turbulent waves, rolling fishing-smacks, brine-ploughing ocean steamers—here a life-buoy, there a dory, yonder a full-ship. See on that tempestuous stretch of water the reeling, spray-swept deck, jumping as if by magic into the arena of the green, pelting, and foaming amphitheatre, with her storm jib-sheet to windward, and a slender band of dark, close-reefed mainsail tearing at the quivering gaff, while she tosses the high spray of her bows at the rushing snow of the surges, chopping sharply down into the livid vortex and making it flash up in white spume that smothers her like the smoking spray of a great waterfall.

There again you hear the thunderous surge and the roar of the mountainous wave breaking upon the rocks under giant pressure, with the glittering ridge of phosphorescent sea in the distance. Then a wreck. The sun has vanished under an expanse of slate-colored cloud that hangs over the whole surface of the deep, which is like milk-white water. The helpless, abandoned hulk has fallen in the hollow of the swell, swaying from side to side with the creak of straining timbers as each ponderous liquid fold catches and heaves her over, the water bursting inboard in smoke through the scupper holes, sails blown in rags out of the bolt ropes, stanchions and chainplates gone, bulkheads sprung, the water-logged derelict is a toy to the dreadful splendor of the long heave of the sea, whose beautiful arching coils in all the gloom show yet with diamond-like flashings when the foam is chipped out of the emerald accivities by the keen teeth of the wind.

But not all scenes of storm, with masses of scud—torn, ragged, tendrill-shaped—with pyramidal billows, sooty clouds, seething tracks of foam, the tempest's fury.

Here has the sun as a noble magician with one stroke of his flashing wand converted the mystery of the dark deep into a glorious revelation of blue heights and splashing waters. There a little vessel under easy canvas lies softly leaning in the gloom, under the clear bright starlight. Then we see the dainty, dream-like picture of the tall and tapering rig of a handsome yacht floating under the tender sobering shadow of the night, or the bright, flashing brilliancy of the noon sun.

Standing amongst all these marines is James G. Tyler, the little, good-natured, always happily smiling artist of the briny deep. His first love for the vastness of the giant element dates from early childhood, when he traversed the great lakes aboard his grandfather's vessel, who was one of the oldest captains on our inland seas. Tyler has also studied for some years "the delirious bound that leaps from rock to rock" at Cape Ann, and is well qualified to work out the countless sketches and studies which he has made into those popular "sellers," which he has supplied to his admirers, ever since William Astor bought his first picture. Although there may be found in many of his pictures an undue desire to please, rather than ambitious effort, it must not be forgotten that some of his works will rank among the best seascapes ever produced.

* * *

One man's shows have this advantage over larger, miscellaneous exhibitions: that the artistic purpose is more sustained and consecutive in interest, hence more satisfying than the medley occasions. This again is noticed in the view had of the Alexander Harrison pictures at the Boussod-Valadon Galleries. The strongest stroke of his versatile brush is found in the remarkable, reflective transparency he is able to give to the water of ocean and inland stream. Not that he occasionally does not fall into combinations which, like the "Anvil Chorus," sometimes proves to be too sonorous for sensitive nerves. There is, for instance, shown here a turbulent stream, leaping and bounding over the rocks under overarching trees, where the colors of the palette somewhat overshoot the mark in a jumbling and bewildering confusion. "Les Mysteres de la Nuit," however, on the opposite wall, compensates for any failings and ramblings which I find in other efforts. There is indeed a mystery of fathomless depth beneath those waves while the naked boy, half wrapped about in the midnight haze, yet shows a form modulant of flesh and palpitant with warm life. The artist's *forte* by all means is the sentiment of the "dogwatch," but etherialized with poetic inspiration. A village street and a few landscapes show the range of Harrison's compositions of nature's beauties and dreams.